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NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 6, 1900.

No. 5.

OUR GUEST.



MOST REV. ALEXANDER CHRISTIE, D. D.,
Archbishop of Portland, Oregon.

The Class of 1901.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN. 1901.

WE will sing a song of love and hope, of days that
are to be,
As we launch our bark of knowledge on life's dark
and brooding sea.
We will sing no song of failure, for the future soon
is past;
In the front and foremost column you will hear our
bugle's blast.

There's no weakling heart among us, no heart that is
not true,
No nature soft and flabby, tho' our saints are small
and few;
But there are many hearts among us whose strings
beat soft and low
To the measured, dim re-echoings of the days of long
ago.

In no slow funereal marching will we leave grey Notre
Dame,
With no muffled voice or silent lip will we utter her
proud name;
But we'll march in stately columns, as our fathers did
of old,
With our sun-dipt pen we'll write her name in the
sky in letters of gold.

We are fond of idle musing, for the muser is the man,
We are fond of distant dreamings and we live as
dreamers can;
But we leave no days regretted, no duties half begun,
When our day of school life closes we will greet
another sun.

And the memories of our Mother cluster round us
where we go,
In the rich and smiling south lands, in the lands of
ice and snow.
When the bugle's blast is calling in the dying setting
sun,
To our Mother comes soft greetings from the Class of
Nineteen-one,
To our Mother comes soft greetings from the Class of
Nineteen-one.

How Did Poland Fall?

MIECESLAUS T. SZALEWSKI, 1901.

Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos (Rom. viii., 31.)



THESE words stand imprinted
in large golden letters on the
eastern arch at the entrance
to the palace of the Polish
kings in Cracow. They are
the watchwords and a power-
ful guardian of the conscience of the Polish
people and fill it with strong and well-grounded
hope. On reading them one can not help—if

he knows the history of the European nations,
if he has watched and carefully studied their
dealings with one another and the state of
affairs that prevailed in them at the outset of
the 18th century—calling to mind the great
Catholic Poland, that once was so powerful a
kingdom; that great protectress and refuge
of all the European nations from the inroads
of the Turks and Tartars into the very heart
of the continent. One can not think of it
without at the same time admiring the great
and noble deeds of its soldiers, and still more
of its heroic kings. France may, indeed, be
proud of Napoleon I., yet Poland has not fallen
far behind her in this respect. She holds up
to the world Sobieski, her greatest child—a
man at whose name the pagan Turks and
Tartars shuddered, and whose appearance in
battle, going before his army like an avenging
spirit, spread dismay and terror among the
ranks of the enemy.

No search into history is necessary to
verify this fact; Vienna stands to-day a living
example of it. She is but one illustration of
the heroism of magnanimity and devotion to
Christ's Church on earth, of the spirit that
permeated the Polish heart during the ten
centuries of Poland's existence. There is not
one instance to show that Poland ever broke
her loyalty to the Papacy; but instance after
instance may be recorded to tell that she has
ever been the Church's protectress and her
devoted daughter. What greater example of
this can there be found in any of the existing
powers than that of Sobieski, who, while on
his way to the church with his two sons, was
stopped in the streets of Cracow by the
Austrian ambassador and the papal legate, and
addressed in beseeching tones by the former:
"King, defend Vienna and Christianity!" Sobi-
eski immediately turned back; and, gathering
whatever soldiers he had on hand, went speedily
to the rescue of Vienna, where, with 25,000
men, he overthrew an army of 300,000 Turks,
broke entirely the Mussulman power; and on
the very spot where the day before the Saracen
cried, "Allah! Allah!" now resounded the
solemn "Te Deum."

The object of the present paper does not
permit us to enter into other such noble and
heart-inspiring examples. We are now em-
ployed to present the true view of one sad
question in connection with the history of
Poland. It is a question which almost inevi-
tably occurs to the mind of one reading the
golden inscription on the arch of Cracow's

palace, and the solution of which rings out with the voice of Poland's martyrs for vengeance to Heaven. It is the beginning of the long and still enduring exile of the Polish people, at whose entry the cold dungeons of Siberia were thrown open to consume their victims; it is the beginning of that long and cruel persecution of the Catholic Church, which was, and which is still the great persecution of modern Christianity. What was the chief cause?

of Poland's downfall? *Who* was the cause?

It were long to enter into the proper discussion of a problem over which intellects bright and logical fought with one another for the past one hundred years. Historians of every nation have written volumes on the subject, and only after a long and exhausting struggle have they come to some kind of a conclusion. We could not here give a full account of the problem; the only thing that is expedient for us to do is to touch upon certain phases of it; to give the reader a brief and a proper view of the subject.

The prevailing idea among many people to-day is that the chief cause of Poland's downfall was her last king, Stanislaus Augustus. He is generally looked upon as an inactive, timid character, as an impostor and a usurper, the underlying spring of every possible evil that had befallen Poland in the last days of her desperate struggle. People of this opinion think too that all the evils arose suddenly; that they took root with the accession of Stanislaus to the throne; that he was their regulator, and pressed their spring of action all of a sudden. Absurd as these notions seem to be, they are nevertheless such as are found existing at the present time. We have no intention here to justify Stanislaus Augustus; but to us it seems that he was not the only nor the greatest cause of the catastrophe. The whole nation was guilty, especially the nobility, whose only aim for the two preceding centuries, was a constant craving for more and more power; to dominate more and more; to keep aloof from the command and influence of the kings—in a word, to be too absolute. Already from the death of Sobieski (A. D. 1696), at every election of a king, we notice a strong opposition forming itself, the aim of which was no longer to weaken the sovereign power, but to dethrone the kings; and in certain cases it sought outside help against the country.

This state of affairs reached its climax at

the time when Stanislaus ascended the throne. The scale, with the king on one end and the opposition on the other, was always in activity, never in equilibrium; but yielding at one time to the royal power, at another time to the opposers; so that while the two parties were gradually withdrawing farther and farther from each other, a third power was slowly but steadfastly creeping in until it reached the central point of the scale, firmly grasped the two opposing ends in its management, and altogether made them subject to it. This power was Russia, and at its head stood a woman taken from the midst of the German princesses and presented to it by the Prussian Frederick, II. Her name is almost too hard to give here, so bloodily is it engraved in the heart of every Pole.

The name of Catherine presents an interesting study not only to the psychologist and historian, but also to the politician. Her character would, I think, be known well enough by merely stating that she usurped the throne, having first murdered her husband, Peter I. Of a strong, almost masculine character, bright and keen intellect, she was also the full type of hypocrisy, egoism, pride and vengeance. Destitute of all religious, or even moral convictions, she possessed in the highest degree a sense of polite modesty, which she was not apt to offend. Anything like open revolts and disturbances she as much as possible avoided; but whatever such evils, even of the most cruel nature, seemed to be of advantage to her, she did them quietly and slurred them over by her lies. Her will was law, and her desires an inevitable sign for action. The spirit that we especially note in her throughout her whole career is a constant desire to subdue all neighboring lands and bring them under her control. Ambition—but ambition, treacherous and cruel—governed her in these ignoble pursuits. Seeing on her accession to the throne, that the southern nations, allied to one another, formed one solid league, she also planned to form a league comprising all the northern powers, of which she herself would hold the command. Her plans, however, were soon overthrown, as none of the powers would hearken to her proposals. Yet she lost no hope of her daring step, as we may with certitude affirm from her dealings and government afterward.

Catherine, from the very beginning of her rule, had her eye constantly fixed on Poland. Seeing the discord prevailing in the kingdom,

she was convinced that she could do with Poland whatever she pleased. She was watching her opportunity to bring Poland under her entire control. To do this successfully she had first to turn toward the king, and by fair and kind treatment gain full sway over him. This opportunity soon presented itself. Augustus III. of Poland died, and the throne was left vacant. Catherine selected her own candidate for the crown, whom she had long before looked to and studied, and who in every way satisfied her notions. This candidate was the young Stanislaus Poniatowski, of whom Catherine said that he was the least known inside and outside the kingdom, and hence had the smallest means to attain the crown; therefore, she reasoned, he would be the more thankful and yielding to those from whose hands he would receive the crown. The election of Stanislaus cost Russia over two million rubles; but what of that, if it effected a great triumph in Catherine's plan.

Stanislaus Augustus was from his very birth a character of extraordinary powers of mind. Before he left his home he could speak Polish, French and Latin fluently; and after he had advanced in years a little, he had a good knowledge of German, English, Russian and Italian. He was a scholar in almost every branch of learning. He applied himself to study exclusively, forgetting his physical training, for which he had no liking whatever. He was brought up under the tender eye of his mother until his seventeenth year. This, though it preserved him from many faults and evil habits, rendered him, however, somewhat effeminate in his manners; and this softness stayed with him even in his after-life. His father trying to prevent this, sent him to war in 1748; but unfortunately for the youth, peace was made between the two contending powers. This frustrated all his hopes, and so until his death, Stanislaus remained a stranger to the military profession.

His disposition was of a mild and soft nature, which rendered him unfit for the high position that he occupied. Nothing could excite his temper, but everything excited his pity. He was very generous, paying great sums of money for any little service done him. He was slow in judgment, weighing deeply every matter before it was acted upon. His religion, we must say, was the least noticeable mark in his character. This distinguishes him altogether from the kings that ever ruled Poland. While the latter, themselves often true Catholics in

practice as well as in theory, were ever ready to promote Christianity and to shed the last drop of their blood for this sacred cause, Stanislaus was almost altogether lacking in such a spirit.

In his childhood, while still under the care of his mother, the spirit of the true faith was in him; but soon his constant yearning for books and knowledge made him indifferent and forgetful of his religious training, and his faith became one of the intellect rather than of the heart. His continual travels in foreign countries, his dealings with courts, especially that of Catherine, where morality was absent and almost unknown, soon cooled off his youthful heart. In his memoirs, he never turns to God. Later, it is true, when under trials and afflictions the Christian spirit seemed to be awakened in him a little, for he wrote to his sister: "When there is a question of pardoning offences, I fervently in prayer pronounce these words, 'and forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive those that trespass against us.'" Later, however, though such promptings of his conscience rose within him, he did not regulate his life by them. It sometimes happened, especially in the society of foreigners, that he listened to light talks about the Church, at times even laughed and scorned it himself; but when in the evening he was alone with his thoughts, he fell on his knees before the picture of the Blessed Virgin, and with repentant tears asked forgiveness. Contradictions, such as these, we can here and there trace in his character, which show that he was not firm in his convictions, and that he could easily be bent over to those of others.

Stanislaus Augustus, then, was not the right kind of man for ruling Poland, especially in those times when only a steady and powerful hand could keep order and satisfy the needs of the state. He was, therefore, just the man that Catherine wanted, who would fear her and be obedient to her in all her desires. She guessed the man's character very nearly, but not altogether. For we must say that although Stanislaus was weak and unfit for governing—he nevertheless knew the sacredness of the oath he had taken to serve his country as much as was within his power. He strongly opposed Catherine and his other enemies in their unjust claims in a manner that was surprising to all; and though many a time he was forsaken by everybody, yet he never yielded to his opposers in what he thought his respon-

sibility and sense of duty told him was not right. His efforts in this respect were something more than common, and of a higher nature than his character could ever demand. On this account he suffered a great deal, and many a time despair gnawed his heart; yet he yielded not.

For all this we admire Stanislaus, but one thing we can not pardon him, namely, the signing of the treaty of Poland's first division by Russia, Austria and Germany. The opposing party, during the whole time of the existence of their claims to divide Poland, are seen to be weak and shaky in these claims; and, thinking they had in their hands all possible means for attaining their end, and everything in their favor, they deeply felt the necessity of having the king with them. They knew that without him their efforts would never end successfully; and though they should be successful, and the division of Poland should be effected, the treaty without the king's signature would be invalid, and would sooner or later be acknowledged as such. By withdrawing his name from the list of signers, the king could at the worst only be banished, and this would not be a punishment but rather another honor added to his loyalty to his country. Perhaps seeing him in exile and suffering for a noble cause the people's conscience would be awakened, their pity moved, and, their sins being brought before their eyes, they would again receive their king among them, and serve him even the better, as it happened in the case of King John Casimir a century before. But Stanislaus did not recognize this fact; he did not look to his predecessors for example and instruction. The one thought that governed his motives was to maintain the throne as long as possible.

But one might say that the circumstances in which Stanislaus was at that time, with no one to advise him, no one to tell him that he was in the wrong, did not afford him an opportunity of cool and deliberate action. We grant that this objection is just; but Stanislaus had advisers whose counsels, though he heard willingly, he did not put into practice. At the time of the greatest disturbance in 1772, Gerampi, then the papal legate, a man of great mental ability in political matters, arrived at the king's palace in Warsaw. Asked by the king what he would advise him to do in such circumstances, Gerampi cited the example of Rome when France had taken Avignon, Naples and Benevento. The Holy

See, finding her strength had failed her to withstand the attack, let the occupation take place, but never yielded herself or signed what was demanded of her. Although the Pope's personal condition was different from that of the king, yet the circumstance, so far as the country was concerned, was the very same in both cases, and the principle to be adopted for action was also the same. Gerampi constantly showed the king that the three opposing powers could not do without him; and to receive his sanction they would be forced to accept the conditions which he himself would lay down. Just the moment before the senate was convened, the legate, in the most striking terms, begged the king not to join in the treaty with the three powers, not to make them any promises, until he should clearly see in what condition they would leave the Church and State. But the king was deaf to all these entreaties. He saw everybody going over to the opposing party, even the Polish nobles, who tried to show him that he had displayed enough patriotism already by his long and strong opposition; while in the senate voices were raised that he should sign the treaty; and—he signed it!

Thus the crime was committed. The three powers, greedy of gain, rushed upon Poland, so exhausted by struggle, so torn by inward disturbances, so destitute of a strong and firm hand to guide it. The first division was effected with such ease and so great an advantage to the three nations that the other two followed almost instantaneously. This was inevitable. The king perhaps and the nobles that signed the treaty saw clearly afterward what a crime they had committed, and into what misery they had thrown the whole Polish race. But it was too late to repent. The king may have been safe in his palace, surrounded by the kind and triumphant faces of his enemies; but the people at large were shedding tears of sorrow. They saw the oppressive hand of their tyrants hanging over them; they saw themselves enclosed in a thorny circuit, cut off from all freedom of their tongue and religion. That overhanging hand of their tyrants—the hand of Bismark and Alexander III.—soon fell upon and bruised them; the thorny circuit contracted and pressed hard upon them; and they saw themselves held without the hope of ever being rescued again.

The Polish people have undergone a persecution that will ever stand written in golden pages in the history of the Church. They are

a living example of patriotism and loyalty to the Church, but an open refutation to the scornful statement of Frederick who, writing to his brother, prince Henry, said: "Poland's division will join together three religions: the Catholic, the Greek, and the Calvinistic; we shall consume together one communion—which is Poland—if not for the salvation of our own souls, then at least not without advantage to our nations." How far from coming to pass are these words! Poland has been divided, but its religion has not and never shall be divided; and that religion—the connecting link between the scattered remnants of Poland's true children,—shall some day, and perhaps in the near future, bring these fragments into one solid unit, which shall rise high and powerful and again take its stand among the leading nations of the world.

A Timely Return.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

"Bessie," whispered one of the day scholars of Mount St. Clair one morning, "George is going away to-night; I know he is because—because I saw him packing his things, and mamma cried when I started to school; and he said to tell you that he supposed the girls would go walking this evening."

Bessie's lips quivered, and she stooped and kissed George's little sister; then she walked slowly away. The child stood wondering why Bessie did not speak, but went to a desk and then buried her face in her hands. Bessie had often met George Delmar during her three years at Mount St. Clair, and their friendship had blossomed into love; now she knew what this message meant. At the outbreak of the war, George had pledged himself to fight for the Confederate Government, and at last the call had come. Many of the neighboring men had gone already, and almost two months had passed since the capture of Fort Sumpter.

That evening the girls of Mount St. Clair strolled down the road to the village post-office on their usual walk, and Bessie saw Charley, George's favorite riding horse, hitched at old Claburn's dwelling. The girls always bought the supplies for the little convent school, and as some lingered about, wasting as much time as possible buying a few cans

of fruit and arguing who should carry them Bessie strolled along the sidewalk, counting the moments till Charley would gallop away with George and she should wave her last farewell. It seemed to her that he stayed a long time at Claburn's home, and the girls suddenly remembered that Sister Lucina had promised them a tea-party, so they were soon ready to return. Bessie whispered to one of her classmates that she wanted to meet George, and the two lingered behind the crowd of merry girls.

"George is going away," she explained, "and he said he wanted to see me,—we're not late, are we?"

"No, where is George?" the other asked.

"I saw Charley hitched at Claburn's, I suppose he is up there," replied the young girl.

"Why, Bess!" her companion exclaimed, "he is up there to bid that pretty niece of Mr. Claburn's farewell,—I shouldn't wait for him!"

Bessie grew a little pale, and then a flush of pride glowed on her face. She had not thought of this, and she turned and walked (almost unconsciously) back to the convent grounds. She was sure then that George had not intended to meet her, and she determined to be nowhere in sight when he passed going home. She dreaded the tea-party with the girls, so she feigned a headache and went to the dormitory.

Old Claburn's war stories were cut short by George's departure, but to his surprise there was not a person in view as George looked all about for the crowd of schoolgirls. Bessie had passed inside the convent grounds when he cantered up, and not a face smiled in sight, as George scanned every window and veranda for a farewell glance.

He was perfectly wretched now; the excitement of the war had fled; he had never been from home, and this apparent indifference of the one he dreaded most to leave was not easy to bear. He rode slowly when passing the convent. Charley's hoofs on the little culvert across the road sounded as empty as his life to George. He wondered that some horse had not stepped into the crack of the broken plank at the edge—that would mean fifty dollars damage to John Daily, the road overseer. The fence post appeared decayed, on Colman's side of the road, and George wondered if Colman would brace them up with pieces of fence rails or put in new posts.

As George passed out of sight behind the

leafing elms that stood like sentinels at the parish graveyard fence, Bessie thought he turned his head for a last look, and she drew back the curtain and made one quick wave with her handkerchief from the window where she had been watching him. She had not wept, but now the old elms seemed to stare vacantly at her, and she burst into tears. On the evening breeze came the perfume of apple blossoms, as George passed down the road, and this changed his train of thought. There was Charley Wheelan over there beyond the old orchard. He was not going to war, and George remembered that Charley left his team in the field and hid when the men came in search of volunteers. The scene turned George's thoughts back to the Mount, for Charley had been his rival, but he never had found favor with Bessie Delome, and George dismissed him with no thought of envy, except for the privilege of seeing the little convent girl; and back to her all his thoughts rushed.

Only two months had passed when the New England and Great Southern Railroad was stopped. Few letters were received from the front; only straggling reports and a few telegrams, that had struggled over the wires, reached the more remote towns. The part of Georgia where Mount St. Clair lay was far from the theatre of the war, and although George wrote home repeatedly, only two letters came from him, and but one was received from home by him. The old soldier, Claburn, had a letter from George, and when summer came and he knew the girls had gone home from school, George wrote to Bessie, but the letter never crossed the state line of Virginia. The only tidings that the young girl received from her sweetheart was a hasty glance at the letter received by the old soldier. Cecilia Clair, his pretty niece, had shown her the letter, but Bessie was left to guess who received it. She wished a thousand times that the letter had never been shown her, but at last she told herself that it was well she knew he had forgotten her.

Two years and a half passed, and those that had gone at the first call had long been forgotten except by their immediate friends. During those years no message was received from the soldier. One evening late in November Bessie strolled out into the orchard beyond the graveyard, and as she saw the old elms sending leaf by leaf out on the autumn breeze, she thought of the tender buds of

those same trees that shut her first love from her view almost three years before, and how her hopes one by one had been blighted before those same leaves had blown upon the autumn wind. Then came the sound of hoofs and looking up she saw a soldier dressed in grey riding briskly down the road from toward the convent on the Mount. In curiosity and surprise she stepped under an old apple tree to look; but scarcely had he come into view when the bearing of the man in the saddle brought back the graceful rider of bygone days, and, with a little scream she cried "George!"

They met at the low rail fence, and there he told her how he had gained permission to leave the army that was forty miles away, to come to see her and his parents; how he had vainly written time and again, how the little wave at the convent window,—which he saw but never recognized as her last token of affection till weeks afterward,—had been a flag of peace in his soldier life; how the camp-fires had described pictures of his loved one upon the brown leaves and the white camp canvas; how the breezes had whispered her name to him on wakeful nights, and his troubled dreams had brought her close to bathe his brow when tired and sick he lay while the night dragged on. He stood with his arm resting on the fence and her hand lay upon his arm.

"Bessie," he said, and she turned her tear-filled eyes to his; "Bessie," he repeated, "I go back to camp this very night, but I'm glad I shall soon come back to you;" and he stooped and kissed her.

Not till she felt his warm lips pressed to hers did she realize what joy that meant for her, and with a little shudder she dropped her head speechless upon his breast. The last flush of the dying sun had faded from the sky and the stars were peeping out as George bade her good-bye, and the hollow sound of his galloping horse's hoofs, as he crossed the old bridge once more, was as full of music to him now as his heart was full of joy. That night Bessie wrote this little note to Charley Wheelan:

MY DEAR CHARLES:—Thank God, it is not too late. You know the condition of our engagement. George returned to-day. You may be glad—I could never have made you happy. I told him all—I thought it best. Let me remain,

Your most sincere friend,

BESSIE DELOME.

Varsity Verse.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

SWEET Angel, ever glorious, bright and fair,
 Clothed with a splendor that outshines the sun,
 Yet wilt thou follow where my footsteps run,
 To guard my path lest I find evil there;
 Teaching my lips the while to ask in prayer
 For grace the good to do, the evil shun,
 A faithful guardian till the goal is won—
 My soul with such a friend canst thou despair?

So will these bright October days appeal
 To loving hearts to give their meed of praise.
 Love calls for love! Some moments let us steal
 From cares and pleasures that fill up our days,
 To join the Angels round the Mercy seat,
 And lay our hearts in love at Jesus' feet!

B. R.

"HE IS MY FRIEND."

I seek no image out to show thee how
 I miss thee and the days that have gone by;
 For when I think that we might even now
 As then beneath the screening maples lie,

And breathe the winds that wild-rose perfumes take,
 And hear the song of robin and his band,
 My eye unwonted fills for old days' sake,
 And mine goes out to meet a shadow hand.

A. J. B.

OCTOBER ROSES.

The flowers of spring-time have withered,
 The lilies have fallen away,
 Carnations and tulips have faded,
 And roses are gone to decay.

We gathered the roses of summer,
 Entwined them to deck Mary's brow,
 We placed them in heaps on her altar—
 Adorning as best we knew how.

But where in this month of Our Lady,
 When all the fair roses are dead,—
 Pray where shall we find any garland
 That's worthy to grace Mary's head?

There are roses of *Paters* and *Aves*
 That blossom forever anew,
 And these are the sweetest to offer,
 Fresh-laden with heavenly dew.

The Rosary, garland of beauty,
 And love that will never decay,
 Will please her far more than those others—
 Its fragrance will grow day by day.

Then twine we this crown of devotion,
 And scorning the earth's fickle bloom,
 Present to Our Lady the roses
 That lie on Saint Dominic's tomb.

C. S. O'D.

FAREWELL.

"Good-bye, a last good-bye," she said,
 "In time we'll both forget."

To distant scenes my pathway led,
 But still the last-good-bye she said,
 Adown the years has echoed

With sweetness and regret.

"Good-bye," that last good-bye she said,
 I never shall forget.

McD.

My First Client.

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901.

Like others of my fraternity I had my law office upstairs in the front room of a three-story building. I had labels in the corridor and street windows inviting patronage. Notwithstanding all this, my practice the first year after I had been graduated was very meagre. Many a time my heart beat as I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, but my quickening hope of having a client enter always ended in disappointment, for the persons invariably turned into a doctor's office on the second floor. So I passed day after day reviewing "Walker's American Law," or reading other law books, so that in case a client came in he might find me busily engaged in legal work.

One day while I was writing a little political speech, which I was to deliver the following week at a county fair, I heard a faint knock at the door.

"Come in!" I said as I put my political effort under some papers on my desk. I was astonished to see a beautiful and well dressed young lady enter. Her hair was dark brown—golden hued when in the sunlight. Her features were symmetrical, and she had a beautiful mouth set off with white teeth.

"Good morning," she said, "is this a lawyer's office?"

"Yes madam," I replied,— "can I assist you in any way?"

"Yes," she answered, and she then related the following story:

"My home is in New York City, and I have been spending my vacation in the West. I arrived at Denver two weeks ago, and I rented a suite of rooms in the Sierra House. During the conversation yesterday at the dinner-table we were entertained by a seemingly very pleasant and jovial man who told us his experiences in diamond washing in Africa. As a voucher for the truth of his statements, he passed a rose-diamond around for inspection. It was, undoubtedly, of great value and beauty. Its weight was about twenty carat. When the sunlight shone upon it, all the beauties of glistening crystals sparkled in it. Everyone at the table examined the diamond in detail except myself. The dinner was soon over, but strange to say the little piece of carbon had not been returned

to its owner, and when he asked for it, no one seemed to know anything of it. He became very much excited and muttered:

"I—I didn't think there was a thief in the room!"

"As soon as the landlord heard the cause of the commotion he ordered all the doors to be locked and everyone to be searched. All were anxious to assert their innocence by willingly submitting to be searched; but when it came to my turn I protested, and told the landlord that it would cost him dearly if he insisted on subjecting me to such an indignity. I protested my innocence and was permitted to go to my room. Everyone was certain I was the thief. In less than twenty minutes a warrant was sworn out for my arrest, and only by giving a five thousand dollar bond was I given my liberty until the next term of court.

"My reasons for not submitting to the search were obvious: I had in my possession *two* diamonds like the one passed around at the table. They were given me by a rich uncle who was killed in the South African war."

I saw immediately that her chance of escaping conviction was slight. I asked her if she had any particular mark on her diamonds? She replied that the initials of her name, Katharine E. Warner, were cut on them by a skilful diamond-cutter in Antwerp, but the inscription was scarcely visible to the naked eye. I borrowed a magnifying-glass from the doctor downstairs, and by the aid of this instrument saw the engraving very plainly.

"Can you get me out of this difficulty," she asked pathetically?"

I nodded with a smile as a doctor is wont to do when he desires to assure his patient. I told her to appear early on the day set for trial and to bring the diamonds with her. So she left the office. I was puzzled myself to know what became of the diamond at the table. I was thoroughly convinced, however, that my client was innocent, and I lost no time in preparing my case.

On the day of her trial the court-house was filled with a morbid throng. Newsboys with flattened noses peered through the windows staring at the accused. The attorney for the plaintiff left nothing undone to prove her guilt, and tried to out-general me by putting old men on the jury; but despite his efforts I succeeded in getting eight young men. I knew they would not be easily prejudiced against the young lady.

The plaintiff opened the case, and spoke

an hour. He held that the fact of the young woman's refusal to be searched was conclusive evidence that she had stolen the diamond, that in all justice to the owner of the diamond, and for the further protection of the public, the accused should be convicted.

In my cross-examination in the afternoon, I asked the plaintiff if he would identify his diamond if he saw it.

"Certainly, I should," he replied.

I then advanced toward the prisoner, and asked her in a direct manner to let me see her diamonds. Everyone in the court-room was dumfounded when she handed me the glittering gems. I handed them to the plaintiff and asked him if either of them were his. After examining them very carefully he replied excitedly: "This is mine!"

"Are you *positive*?" I asked.

"Yes, I am certain."

"I reached for the diamond, and at the same time drew the magnifying-glass from my pocket, and handed both to the judge and jury. The attorney for the defence seeing the look of amazement on the face of the jurors demanded the diamond for inspection.

When he saw the initials of the young lady cut on it he insisted that it had been engraved recently, but I called two witnesses, who were expert jewelers, to testify that there was not a man in the United States capable of cutting the diamond thus; moreover, it would take two months to accomplish this work, as the slightest tremor of the hand would destroy the crystals. I then closed by stating that the prisoner was the victim of a transient excitement, and entreated the jury not to bring in a verdict that would ruin forever the happiness of an innocent young woman. I requested that the evidence of the plaintiff be impeached—that he was in the eyes of the law a perjurer. I showed that the act of the defendant in not submitting to a search was *no* evidence because she had *two* diamonds in her possession like the one that was lost.

In two minutes the jury returned with a verdict of "not guilty," and Miss Katharine E. Warner was free. A few days after the lost diamond was found. It had been taken out of the room with some napkins waiter and was found in the bottom of drawer.

Miss Warner did not return to her home in New York, but decided to remain in Denver and share her diamonds with me. We are now living in a country home in Colorado, happy and contented.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 6, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Board of Editors.

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} *Reporters.*

—The Most Rev. Archbishop Christie, of Oregon, who is on his way to Washington, D. C., to attend a convocation of the Catholic prelates of America, is making a short stay at the University.

On Thursday, the Faculty and students were honored by the Archbishop's presence at dinner. Mr. John Lilly, 1901, read an address of welcome in behalf of the student body. The Archbishop in reply made some very sententious remarks on the purpose for which institutions like Notre Dame exist. He called the young men's attention to the need of a vocation for each one of them, and the necessity of always keeping it in view. He emphasized the fact that the highest perfection a young man can aim at is to become a Christian gentleman. His genial and noble expression lent additional force to his remarks, for those whom he addressed felt they had before them a living exemplification of what a Christian gentleman should be. The Most Rev. Archbishop will celebrate Pontifical High Mass to-morrow at eight o'clock.

—Those who stand on the side lines compliment the football coaches on the good will shown by the men on the field. The tyros at

the game have forgotten their clumsy movements, while those who have done battle on other fields are getting into splendid condition. Great credit is due Messrs. O'Dea and McWeeney for the changes they have wrought in so short a time. We think the confidence placed in them by the players is a forerunner of success.

—Wireless telephony has begotten much comment of late. The attempts to send audible speech a few miles without direct wire connections are not recent. Experiments have been made in this line during the last twenty years. Wireless telephony differs entirely from wireless telegraphy, for while the latter needs but a grounding—water being an ideal one—the former must have parallel wires running underground between the desired points of communication. Or, to be guilty of an Irish bull, wireless telephony differs from the regular process by having two wires instead of one.

Professor Green, who made so many successful experiments with wireless telegraphy at Notre Dame and Chicago, does not think this kind of telephoning practicable, unless radical changes are made in the instruments used in transmitting messages.

—Many years have passed since the dull clods have fallen upon what was mortal of Father Matthew. Yet, next Wednesday the stirring of his spirit will be felt throughout the length and breadth of the English-speaking world, for on October 10 his birthday will be celebrated everywhere by total abstiners. This wonderful man gave the pledge to 4,000,000 men during the six years of his labors in the cause of temperance. Many of them are alive to-day, healthy morally and physically; witnesses to Father Matthew's great power.

From a purely material and economic standpoint his work has been of immense benefit to men, since a large amount of capital and land that might have been wasted in the production of intoxicants has been turned to useful purposes. The moral good he has done—the number of lives he has brightened and souls he has turned to God—can never be reckoned. So, all success to the men that aim to honor the memory of this *true* nobleman! The world may hope, when at least some of its real heroes are held in esteem.

"Crank Observations."

One is frequently confronted with articles in the monthly publications setting forth the evils of the modern educational system, and dwelling more particularly upon its tendency to produce stereotyped editions of book-learning; *i. e.*, graduates, instead of educated men with pronounced views of their own. It is stated the system does not operate to form individuality and distinctness of character; but the constant study of the same books, and teaching by the same professors tend to merge all students into a common groove. There is probably some truth in this, and the new system (if anything may be called new) of allowing the student to place individual construction upon passages in literature, combats it and tends to make a student use his own wits incessantly. This is the first step towards individualism in that particular, but the difficulty probably lies as much with the student as with the system, and for this reason: the ordinary student has views of his own (no matter how stupid he may look), but he prefers to keep them under lock and key rather than air them at the expense of being snubbed or ridiculed. Outside of the classroom—to make a rather invidious comparison—he is much like the domestic hen, eager to gather around the lord chanticler at his slightest cluck. He is pulled around by the nose without knowing it; or, if he is an exception and does not go, some kind soul with misplaced sympathy inquires "if he is sick." Of course he is sick—sick of seeing blatant effrontery counterfeiting the semblance of modest worth and passing for coin of the realm.

To return to our subject. We find that individuality consists in that which makes the possession of a character by one person a distinct fact from its possession by another person—a character, the combination of qualities or peculiarities which distinguish one person from another. Here we find a keynote to the condition of affairs. It is the moral cowardice that makes us shun the idea of being deemed peculiar that is responsible for lack of individuality more than any other one thing. We would rather be struck than write under the covert sneer—indicator of wit's paucity,—or the appeal to the groundlings for a titter, which in some mysterious way is construed into defeat. We do not like to be called

"cranks," or have it suggested that we are possessed of "wheels;" it hurts our self-esteem, and we shrink from the ordeal, yet, as Stevenson tersely put it: These "cranks" generally have a "shot left in their lockers" when college days are over. Physical courage we have and often to spare; but there is a deplorable lack of the moral kind, which makes us hesitate to nail a lie whenever we hear it, instead of assisting at it's funeral every time, though it have nine lives. It induces us to sneer at the minority, when, if we look at the matter squarely, there is nothing to be exultant about—it is merely a case of a big dog whipping a lesser one; and, to carry the simile still farther, when the lesser dog wins—which sometimes happens—"I told you so," is heard on all sides.

To be sure, one need not become a recluse to preserve individuality; nor is it essential that all be leaders of any special thing; but it is necessary that we use our intellect to a certain extent—which everyone must gauge for himself—independently of outside influences. By consulting recognized authorities on a subject, we form an opinion which we call our own; and it is a collective opinion. It is not held by one man, or a coterie of men, but embraces many and represents the sum total of opinions which have become more or less universal. Yet, if we accept one man's opinion, or the opinion of the universe, blindly, without reason, we shackle our intellects and become absolute serfs, lower than mere physical slaves—as we have lost our birthright, individuality, by allowing others to reason for us. It is like getting a man to eat our dinner for us, and then expecting to thrive upon it. The bondman at least knows that he must eat in order to thrive.

A student need not have any peculiarity of temperament or special mental disposition to have a strong individuality; but needs only to respect the opinions of others, to demand a reason for a condition, authority for an assertion, and evidence for a fact. Then to deduce from these his own opinion, according to his lights, which however poor is infinitely more valuable to him than another's. As the saying goes: "It is a poor thing but mine own." A man of willing digestion, or one suffering from innocuous lassitude, might prefer to eat olives whole, but it behooves one of normal stomach to remove the stone, and, if he must have the seed, to crack the shell and eat only the kernel.

J. S. M. HARE.

Athletic Notes.

September was a notable month for breaking records in the sporting world. At Terre Haute and at Indianapolis new world records for trotting and bicycle riding have been established. In the East Long and Flanagan have been distinguishing themselves in like manner. Maxwell Long made two new records for the world in the 440 yards run. His time, $47\frac{1}{2}$ s., made on a curved path at Travers Island, Sept. 29, practically equals the straightaway record made by W. Baker at Boston, July 1, 1886. L. E. Myers, who ran the distance in $48\frac{3}{4}$ s. on a curved path at Stenton, Pa., October 15, 1881, held for 19 years the record broken by Maxwell Long last month. In the Annual Championships of the Canadian A. A. U., held at Montreal, Sept. 22, of the present year, Long was the winner of three events,—100 yards in $10\frac{1}{2}$ s., 220 yards in $22\frac{3}{4}$ s., and 440 yards in 52 s. On Sept. 15, besides gaining for the third consecutive year the title of American Champion in the quarter mile run, he defeated A. F. Duffy at 100 yards in 10 seconds. On Oct. 4, on the Guttenberg track, Long broke the straightaway 440 yards record, reducing it from $47\frac{3}{4}$ s. to 47 s. flat. John Flanagan, who made a new record of 169 ft. 4 in. in throwing the hammer, did only what might be expected of him. Both he and A. D. Plaw, the California athlete, may yet surpass these figures.

Captain Hayes of Michigan has announced a track and field day for October 27. It is intended to be a means of finding new candidates for the Varsity. McLean, the hurdler and broad jumper, will not be on the Michigan team during the coming season; Teetzel, too, will be absent.

If reports be true A. C. Kraenzlein is out of athletics for good. His loss will be felt, 'tis true; nevertheless, his success has been as noteworthy as he could reasonably desire. Besides being a ten seconds sprinter in the hundred yards dash, he has several world records to his credit,—a broad jump of 24 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ in., the 120 yards high hurdles in $15\frac{1}{2}$ s., the 220 yards low hurdles in $23\frac{3}{4}$ s., and the 300 yards low hurdles in $36\frac{3}{4}$ s. "Dad" Moulton, now trainer at Notre Dame, has the distinction of giving Kraenzlein his first lesson in hurdling.

Our Team at Work.

A good beginning will almost invariably insure a good ending. The Varsity began the season with a crushing defeat of Goshen, and did not half try. If we can draw any inference from these premises the season of '00 is going to be a brilliant one for Notre Dame. The eleven that essayed to stop our speedy backs and to smash our line yesterday was made up of men much inferior to our own men both in weight and in experience; nevertheless, any casual observer could readily see that we have some excellent material to work with, and some fellows are saying now that we shall have a better team than the one which so ably represented us last season. Every member of the eleven had a chance Saturday to show what stuff he has in him, and each took advantage of the opportunity. A noticeable feature of the playing was the quick formation behind the line and the good interference.

The plays directed at the line were started quickly, and the men formed for interference so rapidly that the Goshen players were at sea to know how to stop them. Farley at half-back was the star of the afternoon. The change from end appears to be a very wise one; for a man on whom we depend so much to advance the ball should not be played in a position like end where so much is asked of him on defensive work. Hayes makes the best end that will be seen in the West this year, and he should be kept in that position. Sammon at left end appears to be a little new at his position, and consequently did not show to the advantage that he does behind the line, where his line-bucking counts so much. O'Malley and Fortin add much strength to the line, and Diebold's work at quarter-back was all that could be asked of him.

Goshen's eleven gave so little resistance to the onward march of our men and failed so completely to advance the ball into our territory that the game was almost a farce. Our men simply lined up, passed the ball, and one of them ran down the field to a touchdown. The last half with the substitute in the Varsity men's positions equalized the strength of the two elevens somewhat; but even then the Goshen men were not in the game to any extent. Kirby, McDougal, Cullinan and McGlue did clever work for the scrubs both in advancing the ball and stopping the opposing backs. Kirby was particularly good on defensive work.

Exchanges.

We find the *Ladies Home Journal* for October full of that cleverness which has always characterized it. The serial entitled the "Story of a Young Man," but which in reality is a tale of Christ, reminds us of the masterly papers contributed by Ian Maclaren to the spring McClure's. Each few paragraphs are written after the form of pastels. The illustrations, especially those of our mountains, chasms, cata-racts and canyons, must appeal strongly to a Westerner. Though we have not works of man's art we have grand works of nature's art, full of that sublimity which nature alone can give. The October number treats a variety of subjects, and all with cleverness and skill.

There are few magazines we welcome with greater sincerity to our literary table than the *Ave Maria*. In the current number François Coppée ends the papers he has been contributing entitled "Out. of the Crucible." The last installment is a fit companion of the previous papers—for it contains the observation and philosophy which shone so prominently in the others. They leave a strong impression on us on account of the author's eventful life. The continuation of "Dr. Martin's Wife" does not grow dull, but runs along increasing in interest. The short stories and the anecdotes of the *Ave Maria* have a value of their own, for they always appeal to the readers for whom they were intended.

In these days of excitement, when militarism and expansion are agitating our country, it is well for an American to get a true knowledge of the working of an army. The current *Cosmopolitan* contains a very good article on the formation of "The Russian Army in Peace and War," for it is full of useful information. In the same number, Olive Schreiner contributes a paper on the Boer people which runs more like an heroic tale of a Trojan race rather than the narrative of a liberty loving people. Her soul is in her work and this work becomes a labor of love. She shows the great part taken by the Boer women when the struggle was on,—than whom in the hour of danger no one has greater courage. "The First and Last of It" is a clever short story full of true sentiment and with a strong and ethical ending. Other articles of interest are "Great Problems in Organization," "The Woman," and "Hygiene of Sleep."

Personals.

—Mr. Eugene Monheimer, of Cincinnati, was here last week.

—Mr. M. W. Moody, of Chicago, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame.

—Mr. J. S. O'Brien of Stillwater, Minn., was a visitor at the University last week.

—Father O'Reilly of Portland, Oregon, was a guest of the University for a few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Schawb, of Paulding, O., are visiting their sons of St. Edward's.

—Henry Wurzer (Law '99) spent Sunday at the University. Mr. Wurzer will return to Washington in November.

—Mr. H. J. Guide, of Bancroft, Iowa, spent a few days at Notre Dame, the guest of his brother of Brownson Hall.

—Sherman Steele (Law '99, Litt. B. '97) stopped over Sunday on his way to Indianapolis, where he is practising law.

—George Steiner, Brownson Hall, was called home on account of the illness his mother who died last week. The students and Faculty who know George sincerely condole with him.

—Mr. Peter McLeon, brother-in-law to Brother Leander, was killed near Creston, Iowa, in a wreck on the C. & I. Railroad. Brother Leander has the sympathy of all at Notre Dame.

Frank Hanly, who in former years played tackle on the Notre Dame Varsity, has gone to Pittsburg where he will play football with the Greenfield A. C. for the Athletic Club Championship of America.

—Mr. Ed Yockey (Law '99) is practising law in Milwaukee, Wis. Mr. Yockey is in the office of one of the best attorneys in the Wisconsin metropolis, and we understand that he is making his way in the law.

—Mr. Jesse W. Lantry (A. B. '97) of Chatworth, Ill., called at the University for a short stay with his brother George of Carroll Hall. Jesse is remembered as one of the members of the famous Class of '97, and also as a member of the French Academy of that year.

—News reached us last week that Mr. Harry P. Porter (B. S. '85) had died in Denver, Col., July 21. Mr. Porter was only thirty-four years old. He had shown great promise in the business world. The sympathy of the Faculty and students at Notre Dame is extended to the bereaved family.

—A letter came to us last week from Lieut.-Col. Wm. L. Luhn (Com'l '97) who is stationed in the Philippine Islands. Lieut.-Col. Luhn enclosed five dollars to cover his subscription for the SCHOLASTIC for three years. He said that when he returned to the United States, one of his greatest pleasures would be "to pay a visit to his *Alma Mater*."

Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, it hath pleased God to call to her eternal home the mother of our classmate, Arthur Steiner, who had recently entered school; and

WHEREAS, We deeply feel for him in his bereavement, be it, therefore,

RESOLVED: That we tender him and his afflicted family our most heartfelt sympathy; and, be it further,

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be published in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and that a copy of the same be sent to his sorrow-stricken family.

JOHN M. Mc'CARTHY

PHILIP V. BUTLER.

ALFRED J. RICHON.

JOSEPH J. CULLINAN.—*Committee.*

Local Items.

—Students should have their letters and express packages addressed to Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., not to South bend. Addressing letters and packages to the latter place causes interminable confusion, as the Post-Office and Express-Office at Notre Dame are entirely independent of these offices at South Bend.

—Fake fights are becoming very interesting of late—Fake, and yet,—not fake.

—Knott would rather *not* be a member of Fritty's football team, for Fritty would rather *not* have Knott on it.

—NOTICE.—Anyone who wishes to become a member of a new society in Carroll Hall, apply to Jos. Launty, Secretary.

—The rain-maker of Sorin Hall entertained a number of his friends Sunday afternoon. Water was very much in evidence.

—"Energy Frank" has discovered a shorter way to reach the refectory in the morning. He gets out of bed on the other side now.

—Our slim friend Sam is all disconsolate now, since his tall friend Knell has become a member of the pipe gang in Brownson.

—Why are not the Sorinites preparing for the inter-hall track meet? It is true we have the best men at the University, but remember the giving of handicaps will be the order of the day.

—Brownson's crack athletes are already training for the coming inter-hall meet. Several of the men are convincing us that they are capable of holding their own. When the day comes we expect Brownson to maintain its position as inter-hall champion.

—A very exciting and interesting game of football was played between the Minims and the ex-Minims last Sunday. The latter lost only by their failure in kicking goal. The score was 6-5

—The organization that furnished music on the Carroll Hall campus a short time ago has not been heard lately. Perhaps they got tired of the only song they could sing and are now learning a new one.

—The "All-Stars Quartet," consisting of Messrs. Campbell, Taylor, Hanley and Yacco, rendered a number of selections to the public at large last Sunday evening. One selection especially brought forth much applause. It was entitled, "Those Googoo Eyes."

—Eleven confessors were kept busy last Thursday evening preparing students for the First Friday devotions. Next morning Mass was said by an officer of the University at which Rev. Father Scheier assisted in distributing Holy Communion. The devotions closed with Benediction.

—After waiting for nearly two years, and being frequently deceived by persons mischievously inclined, the heart of the loyal Notre Dame student is at last gratified by the presence on our own campus of our famous athlete, J. Fred Powers. Let every man who has the success of athletics at heart give three *rahs* and an N. D. for Powers.

—Last Thursday evening the Corby Hall Association held their reorganization meeting for the purpose of electing officers. They are as follows: William Higgins, President; George Moxley, Secretary; John Neeson, Treasurer. The executive committee has not been chosen. After the meeting, the captains and managers for different teams were chosen. For track team Moxley, manager, and Moran, captain; for football, Clyne captain, and Sturla, manager.

—The second team from St. Joseph's Hall played an exciting game of football with Captain Rush's team from Carroll Hall last Sunday. Although the score was 0 to 0 at the end of the game, Captain Rush's men undoubtedly displayed the greater amount of football ability. His backs rushed the ball through the opposing line for several large gains, and had they had a few moments more to play they would no doubt have secured a touchdown.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting and rendered the following programme: Impromptu speeches by Messrs. McNeal, Johnson and Van Valkenburg; Piano solos by Messrs. Rush, Wagner and Bauman; Mandolin solo by J. Lawton. Debate, Resolved: That the Republicans should be retained in power. Affirmative, Messrs. Lantry and Foley; negative, Messrs. Clark and Trentman. The following members were admitted: Norton,

Strassheim, and Dunranoi. An interesting programme has been arranged for the next meeting.

—Sunday, October 7 will be the latest date for handing in the names of entries for the track meet to be held Oct 13. All the men who are thinking of entering in this meet—and every man who has any ability whatever in this line of athletics should enter in it—will please hand in his name to Manager Eggeman, Room 13, Sorin Hall. The men who have the meet in charge wish to get the names as soon as possible, so that the handicapping can be commenced at once.

—The management has provided the following schedule for the football season:

Englewood High School at N. D.....	Oct. 6
Lake Forest U. at N. D.....	Oct. 13
University of Cincinnati at N. D....	Oct. 20
N. D. at Bloomington.....	Oct. 25
Beloit at N. D.....	Nov. 3
N. D. at Wisconsin.....	Nov. 10
N. D. at Ann Arbor.....	Nov. 17
Rush Medical College at N. D.....	Nov. 24
Iowa at N. D.....	Nov. 29
Purdue at N. D., Probably.....	Dec. 6

—When O'Connor went to the Infirmary with a sprained ankle he forgot to take with him the shoe of the sore foot. He asked Miller to fetch it, telling him that it lay near the baking machine in Mechanic's Hall. Miller was anxious to do O'Connor a favor and rushed blindly off on the errand. In about half an hour he returned puffing like a steam-engine and mopping his face and neck with the lining of his coat.

"Where is it?" asked O'Connor.

"Downstairs. I made two trips for it," answered Miller.

"What did you make two trips for?"

"Why, the baking machine, of course."

—MR. EDITOR: I want you to understand distinctly that Boston is the centre of the earth. Now there can be only one centre, and if you say there are others, they are simply out of it. See! Boston is the hub, so to speak. All the rest of the earth is the spokes, between the spokes—and therefore not on the map—and the rim. All revolve around the hub, but they do not stir unless the hub puts them in motion. Of course I will admit you, Western people are pretty good as far as hogs are concerned, but then what would you do if the East did not send lobsters and codfishes out to you? Why, you would have to eat meat on Friday, and you wouldn't have any left to ship East. There's no use of talking, Boston is the town.

Yours truly,

A BOSTONIAN.

—AQUATIC NOTES.—If reports be true, we shall have a boat race this fall between crews representing Corby Hall and Sorin Hall. The following crews have been selected: Corby

Hall—G. F. Zeigler, No. 1; D. S. DuBrul, No. 2; M. H. Fleisher, No. 3; F. J. Kasper, No. 4; M. H. Herbert, No. 5; T. E. Noonan, No. 6; E. B. Warder, Coxswain. Sorin Hall—J. C. Kinney, No. 1; V. B. Welker, No. 2; W. A. Shea, No. 3; D. K. O'Malley, No. 4; A. C. Fortin, No. 5; J. I. Mullen, No. 6; R. A. Kröst, Coxswain. Of the former T. E. Noonan is Captain; of the latter, W. Shea. At the present writing it is not improbable that two other crews will be organized. There are several good oarsmen looking for an opportunity to profit by the invigorating exercise as soon as the necessary number of candidates appear, filling up the remaining positions.

There is no lack of racing boats, and good ones at that. The *Corby* and the *Sorin*, seen on the lake for the first time last spring, are the newest of several good boats. The *Silver Jubilee* and the *Golden Jubilee* have been in use only about six years, and were thus named in commemoration of the corresponding events in the history of the University. The *Montmorency* and the *Yosemite* are only a year or two longer in use than the preceding and are four-oared boats. The others are for six oars. The *Evangeline* and *Minnehaha*, longest in use and in recent years rebuilt, are said to be the easiest rowing boats of all.

At present the crews already organized are practising in the Jubilee boats, but will probably change to the boats built for their respective halls, the *Corby* and the *Sorin*. Judging by first appearances, one might say that Captain Shea has the best crew. What the outcome of the race will be is certainly uncertain. The lighter and less experienced crew may win. For two consecutive years John Mullen was beaten by crews which, in the opinion of critics, were entitled to no better than second place. It was not John's fault, however, that he lost. 'Tis not the ability to pull an oar with ease that wins the race; 'tis not always superior endurance, but these things combined with others. A faulty eye for seeing the turning post, an unstead hand at the ropes,—these are some of the things that are necessary for the winning of a boat race. Next spring eight crews will be organized, and as a sequence this will give rise to four races.

—A meeting of "The Young Men's Brotherly Love Guild" was held in the Law Room last Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. One Mr. O'Connor was elected chairman by an overwhelming majority. No one seemed to know where he was at, until a man by the name of Joseph Sullivan took the floor and said: "Mr. Chairman!" The Chairman replied: "Mr. Sullivan!" Mr. Sullivan then addressed the assembly as follows:

"Gentlemen, you probably have observed since my pathway has fallen among you, that it has been my aim to keep abreast of the

times. I am always looking out for the welfare of humanity. And with this in view, I will shun drawing you into a philosophical discussion on the merits of good music, leaving such a course to my distinguished colleague, the born chairman from the 'cultured East,' Mr. Collins. But what I wish to bring to your attention this evening is that after a careful study of the current periodicals and newspapers of to-day, I have found that many of them are as dead and as out-of-date as the straw hat of the summer of 1900. (Mr. Corcoran: 'That's as thrue as you're there, sur.') I will accordingly dare to place within the reach of every man present, for the small sum of 18 cents per week, the Chicago papers which I have the honor to represent. I have had a number of sample copies printed, and they will be distributed at the door when you pass out." (Vociferous applause.)

Mr. Eggeman arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I arise for a point of information." The Chairman responded: "Mr. Eggeman, if you are looking for information you will have to go elsewhere. We're not walking encyclopedias. I would advise you to go and study the same as we have done." (Cries of "Sit down!"—"Nice work, Bill!")

Mr. Donohue arose and inquired if there was any motion before the house. The Chairman politely informed him that he thought he heard a wagon passing by. Mr. Collins arose and made a motion that every one should "chip in" and buy him a piano, but the motion was lost. Some one knocked at the door and wanted to know if there was a man present by the name of Lavelle—his assistance was needed in laying a carpet. Mr. Lavelle was not present. Mr. Hayes nominated Edward Rumley for treasurer. Mr. Rumley's nomination was met with much opposition. But upon Mr. Hayes informing the assembly that the position was one of honor, and no money would pass into the hands of Mr. Rumley, he was unanimously elected. A. Lincoln Ahern got the floor and said:

"Mr. Chairman, let us organize something before we elect a president." The Chairman told him he was out of order, and somebody in the rear of the room advised Mr. Ahern to see a doctor. Mr. Barry next arose, and being recognized by the chair, said he represented the Iowa Odorless Hair Tonic Manufacturing Co. Mr. Barry said a few applications of this tonic would produce hair on the "baldest" head, and he guaranteed it would raise a moustache inside of six months. The Chairman referred Mr. Barry to John Clyde Locke, chairman of the "Ways and Means Committee." The Judge inquired why he was not notified of the meeting. He said it was just by accident he happened to be present. Mr. Toohey, a member of the Notification Committee, informed the chair that he called

at the Judge's room, but as there were many clients consulting the Judge at the time, he did not wish to disturb him. Mr. Eggeman was appointed chairman of the Amusement Committee, and upon motion of Mr. Dineen, the meeting adjourned. The Chairman instructed the Sergeant-at-Arms to awake all the younger members who had fallen asleep and tell them it was bed-time.

LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

(Special cable from our foreign correspondent.)

DEAR EDITOR:—'Tis with th' gratest deloight that I tak' th' firsht opportoonty to sind ye a fac smile iv a raymarkable specimen iv th' larnin' iv th'auld inhabitants iv these oilands. Th' preshus dokymint was layin' berried f'r 4 months in a heap iv rubbish an' death-notisses iv me frind, James Aggy Naldo, alias th' Pompadoor Prins iv the Philip Pines. Sez I, "Jimmy wul ye gi'me this?"—"Troth an' I wul" sez he, "an' till ye'r frinds that me hart is on th' rite side iv th' paper." They is only a fragmint here, butt awl grate riters only lift fragments. Thin 2 ye can see how th' man's hart may hev over kame him, f'r me own hart leps as I pin th' lines:

Another term	Argentum librum
Bosses rules	Bryan vincit
Calamity howlers	China indivisa
Dassen't but we'd like to	Dux honestus
Expansion realized	E pluribus unum
Free silver exposed	Fons prosperitatis
Gold standard continued	Gloria Uncle.....
Hanna holds the reins	Hanna omnia capit
Independence to no one	In unitate robur
Justice to ourselves	Iustitia omnibus
Kill the other fellow	Kentuck.....
Lots of weather	Libertas Cubæ
More beef	McKinley est.....
N. G. no good	Natio pro Americanis
On to China
Post-office scandal	Patria prima
Quarrel with everyone
Roosevelt a winner
Stand by us
Take all you can
Union forever
Vague promises
What's the matter with us?	Washington
"Xs" for your note
Yankee Doodle Dandy
Zenith of protection

I wuz inthrojuiced to awl iv Aggy Naldo's frinds an' th' thrack teem, an' think they are awl rite. FARAWAY BROPHY.

P. S.—I see that sum iv th' kritics iv ye'er home paper hev bin so koind as tu say that me "dialect" wuzn't jist th' praper wan. I don't know what they mane be "dialect," but iv it's the brogue they mane thin till thim f'r me that th' hev th' rong man in moind. Me langwage is th' coort tongue here, an' is called th' Celto-Chinay-Volopeek-patois, an' awl thim kritics *knows* about it cud be put in a pamflet iv 3 pages, havin' th' firsht page f'r a larned introdukshun an' th' lass 2 pages f'r bicycle ads., and what they *don't no* about it wud fill 71 large volumes. BROPHY.